

## Honor Bound

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Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-07-05 04:23:27

Updated: 2013-07-05 04:23:27

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:21:29

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,734

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: ONI is keeping secrets again. A whole Spartan program to be exact but this time with a little addition... When they bring in Sangheili to train along side the Spartans things get interesting. Sophie is faced with decisions she my later regret... (Love between an Elite and Human. Don't like then blah blah blah you know the drill.)

## Honor Bound

\*\*AN: Another new story out so soon? I must have a death wish or something. But to be honest both of these new stories I've been playing with for the past 5+ months soâ€¦ yeah. That's my excuse.\*\*

\*\*Plus I just reeeeeeeally love me some Sangheili.\*\*

â€¦

"SOPH! Get behind cover!"

I had to duck my head to avoid the flying shrapnel from the exploding Heavy Warthog. My helmet may have been strong but I hardly felt secure with the thought of metal bits hitting the back of my head. I also ignored the order of my squad leader, attempting to punch in the codes to the PDA faster.

"SOPH, that's an order! Abort, we're taking too much fire!" Eric's voice sounded loud and angry over my helmet com. But I once again chose to ignore it.

Instead I called out, "KENA, how much time?"

The Spartan sending rocket after rocket down the beach line called back, "Hard to say, not much though-"

"I gave an order! Fall back!" Our squad leader was practically

screaming at this point. I flinched at his tone. I was already going to get an ear full for not listening again but we were fighting a losing battle. I had to at least try.

Probably making a mistake, I yelled over the coms, "DALT, keep fire on the north entrance. Keep your rockets on the beach line KENA." I went back to my PDA trying to look for the lite up code. I didn't even bother trying to give Eric an order. I wasn't that brave yet.

He did however keep his fire on our rear as he backed closer to me, trying to see what the hell I was doing most likely. "Now is not the time to disobey orders. Drop it, we're leaving NOW!" at the 'now' he half turned in my direction.

I still refused to look at him as I tried to focus on the numbers. "I almost have it." I yelled right back. However, right as I thought I saw a glimpse of what I was looking for one of the friendly blips on my radar flashed red then went out. My head snapped up in time to see DALT twirling from the impact of the grenade exploding so close to him. He hit the ground near us with a thud and laid still.

In the moment we were looking away I heard the faint sound of a Gauss going off. My head whipped around in time to see KENA get sent flying over our heads with the blast and land in a crumpled heap.

With a grunt of anger I locked my eyes to my hack tool attempting to try and find my objective once more, but before I could look for very long ERIC tackled himself into me just as an enemy rocket soared mere inches over our heads. It had a direct impact with the objective point and it exploded in a festive shower of metal and sparks.

It was then that a loud buzzer went off and a just as loud voice rang out over the battle field "Objective destroyed. Blue Team wins!"

That pushed me out of my little shock and I shoved ERIC off of me and knelt beside what was left of the detonator. I gently picked up what was once my PDA and squinted at the cracked screen. The image was sparking in and out due to the damaged wires trying to maintain feed to it but there was no mistaking what was there. I had, in fact, found the impute codes that would have been our victory.

I surged to my feet feeling triumphant and ran past ERIC to KENA. She was slowly sitting up, probably still dizzy from the blank impact of the gauss shot. I knelt beside her and showed her the screen. "I found it. I finally found the impute codes."

My voice was cool and collected but my elated mood could be heard under the tone. My teammate, however, was looking at me from the side and I could tell that she didn't share my mood. She slowly looked away and a little sinking feeling in my gut appeared.

Refusing to look in ERIC's direction I bolted toward DALT who happened to be using the side of out over turned Warthog for support. I didn't bother showing him the PDA as I said with a slightly hopeful tone, "DALT, I found the codes. We almost won."

Over our com link I could hear the faintest of sighs as he looked away. "That's uhâ€¦ That's greatâ€¦"

It didn't sound like he thought it was great. Not at all.

I finally resolved myself to look at ERIC. He had his helmet off and was openly glaring at me with a look of rage. I shifted my eyes to a bit behind him and saw blue team make their way to the shuttle landing.

The opposing team didn't bother to taunt us or even turn their head to us. Not with ONI watching so closely. No, the insults and laughs would come later when it didn't matter what we said to each other.

The nagging voice in my head finally punched through my pride and I realized what I had done. I disobeyed orders again and lost us another pointâ€|

With a sinking feeling in my gut I tossed the PDA to the pile of scrap that was the detonator. ERIC turned on his heels with an angry grunt and also made his way to the shuttle. Shortly after DALT walked past me and my head tilted up to look at him. His gaze was locked on me with that always unreadable expression in his grey eyes.

I watched the boys walk up the hill for a moment then heard someone walk up next to me. I glanced sideways at KENA, "I messed up againâ€|"

Always the subtle one KENA replied, "I would say so."

I exhaled loudly and undid the clasps that held my helmet in place. I yanked it off and held it between my arm and side as I wiped the sweat from my brow. The soft breeze that blew through felt nice but couldn't calm the building dread I had.

Oh yeah, I was going to get an ear full back at baseâ€|

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The sergeants hand slammed down on the desk again as I kept my gaze where the ceiling and the wall met. "That's not an excuse!" His voice roared.

It took all the restraint I possessed not to glare at him. "It shows an improvement in my abilities, Sir!" I fairly certain of the response I was going to get for that remark. I even knew how childish I was sounding. But that was my reasoning.

"That's how you justify it? You're team lost yet again because you can't listen to orders." His voice remained loud and angry. As if he was drilling a new cadet. I remained silent despite all I wanted to say. "The records show that due to your brash "decisions" your team has suffered greatly; the past five objectives to be precise."

My posture twitched a bit in my astonishment. "With all due respect, Sir, our team was going to lose anyway. I thought maybe if I could-"

I was interrupted there. "Spartan! You are not your team's leader. When an order is given to you, you listen to it!" Suddenly, the angry look on his face melted a bit and he looked lost in thought.

"However, you seem to think you possess the ability to be oneâ€¦ Very well then." He straightened and turned to face the window behind him, placing his arms behind his back.

He remained silent and I dared to look at him. "Sir?" I started

His posture didn't falter. "You are dismissed." Was all he said.

My own posture broke as I watched him in confusion. That was it? No elongated lecture? No threat to pull me from my team to go back to basic training? No punishment? Nothing..? I dared to take a step forward, "Sir?" I asked again.

His head turned "I said you are dismissed." Then turned his head back.

I decided it would be better to not push my luck and I straightened in salute. "Sir!" With that I turned and left his office.

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"Wait, that was it?" Kendra asked in a voice that sounded as confused as I felt.

"Yep." Was all I grunted as I gave the punching bag another swift kick.

From behind me I could hear some of the equipment clicking as she adjusted weight settings. "This was your sixth mess up and he did nothing? Last time you got pulled from training to complete cadet drills."

I steadied the bag with a feeling of embarrassment. "Thanks for the reminderâ€¦" Giving the bag a few good punches I huffed, "I'm aware I got off easy but something isn't right."

Guessing from the sounds of the equipment and soft grunts of effort from Kendra I guessed she was just using the basic lifting. "So what do you think he meant?" She asked.

I paused and glanced at her. My guess was right and I watched as she kept her concentration on the weights. "What do you mean?"

She didn't pause. "'Very well then?' And that's it? You don't think he's going to make you squad leader do you?"

I almost laughed as I gave the bag an angry punch. "Not a chance in hellâ€¦" I paused again to try and figure out how to say this next part. "But there is a chance he's going to reassign me to another squad."

From the corner of my eye I could see Kendra had stopped lifting and was resting the bar's weight in her palms on her chest. After an awkward silence she once again went back to her lifting. "Probably." Was all she said.

We continued to exercise in silence for a while as I began to think. It was likely that he was going to reassign me but something still seemed offâ€¦ I voiced my thoughts. "You know those rumors that have

been going around?"

She knew exactly what I was talking about. "You mean the ones about the new cadets? Those are just rumors that give the bored something to talk about aren't they?"

"That's what I thought too at first." I gave my practice bag a few kicks and some punches before continuing. "But I was going through some marine reports the other day-"

From behind me I heard a crashing sound and I wiped around to see Kendra had dropped her weights and was openly staring at me with a mix of emotions. "Sophie, you know how ONI feels about that."

I danced around the bag for a moment then gave it a swift upper cut. "Everyone does it and ONI doesn't care. So long as we don't start asking questions."

"Sophieâ€|" She started in a hushed tone.

I turned to her and gave her a serious look. "Just hear me out okay? Some of the reports have been really interesting lately. UNSC \_and\_ Sangheili escorts were sent to Sanghelios about 2 weeks ago. \_UNSC, \_Kendra, something is happening there; something that involves us both."

Her nose wrinkled up. "Your fascination with the Elites is getting to an all-time weirdâ€|" She murmured.

I gave her a soft glare. "I'm serious Kendra-"

She cut me off. "So am I. But besides that what does any of this have to do with new cadets?"

Honestly, I wasn't sure how I was going to tell her my thoughts without sounding crazy. So I simply turned my back to her and went back to punching the bag.

After some silence I could hear her softly gasp. "You don't mean to tell me you thinkâ€|"

In that moment I turned to her with a devilish smile. "It makes sense. Not to mention the reports and letters on the sergeants desk-" I bit my tongue but it was already too late.

Her expression went from unbelieving to open shock. "Are you mad?! You could get in serious trouble for looking through the sergeant's desk."

"I'm not so stupid to try something like that. I just glanced at the papers on his desk while he had his back to me." Before she could accuse me further I kept going. "What if it's true? New cadets! New Sangheili cadets!"

With a roll of her eyes, Kendra went back to lifting. "Not likely." Was all she said.

I felt myself deflate knowing what she meant by that. She was done talking about it. With a sigh I glanced at the wall mounted clock. Just as well too. 45 minutes till lights out and 15 till they gave us

the 30 minute warning. Walking over to the towel rack I grabbed one and dabbed at my face. "I'm heading back to the room." I called over my shoulder.

I didn't wait for a reply as I exited the body training room.

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From behind me I could hear Kendra moan and shift in her bunk. "Sophieâ€| Turn that off and go to sleep..." She mumbled.

I gave a little smirk and replied. "I will in a bit. Just ignore the light.

She moaned a bit louder and I could hear more shifting as she undoubtedly flopped in her bed in frustration.

With that done I focused on the holo-screen, getting back to my reading. Shifting through most of the field reports of rebuilding and scouring the galaxy for loyalists to the Old Covenant, looking for newer reports on the escorts. Ah!

The report in question was just a status update, so only a few lines to read:

\_April 22, 2556 aboard \_\_\*\*Wisdom Valor. \*\*\_

\_All 100 volunteers, as well as some overseers present and accounted for. Expected to arrive to outer colonies in three days' time. Will be checking in with ONI personnel then another two days till reaching the training base.\_

This report was filled 4 days agoâ€| I felt my pulse quicken as comprehension hit me. This had to be it. The new cadetsâ€| Sangheili cadets. They had to be bringing them here. We're going to be training along with the Elites. Spartan and Elite op teamsâ€|

Putting aside my excitement I had to try and find more. All of us knew that what ONI was doing here was illegal. Granted, none of us were kidnapped but taken from orphanages, society would still frown upon what they were doing. The original overseer for the Spartan Programs was in jail and labeled as a war criminal for the kidnappings. But ONI still thought the need for Spartans might rise up. And that's where we came in.

In order to save their hides in case things became public again they gave us certain freedoms. We were never allowed to leave the training base but we were allowed to be human. Mingle with other Spartans during our downtime, allowed to search databases to learn things beyond military training, pretty much anything as long as we were able to report to our mission training.

The only rule they really enforced was that there were to be no relationships beyond comradeship. If anyone was caught breaking this they were punished severelyâ€|

So the question remained: How was ONI bringing 100+ Elites somewhere and not raising suspicions? All I could do was shake my head in amazement. Whatever ONI could be accused of one was that they knew

how to be sneakyâ€|

I attempted to find more information about where the Elites were being sent just to be sure but nothing worthwhile came up. I sighed in frustration after another hour of searching and turned off the computer. Probably wasn't going to get much sleep with these thoughts rampant through my mind but I was going to at least try. Making my way to my bunk I lay on my side and closed my eyes, hoping I'd get at least a few hours.

I was probably going to need it. I had no doubt that tomorrow was going to be interesting. Very interesting indeed.

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\*\*AN: Short and confusing. Sorry about that. I mostly just wanted to get the attention of those who find this interesting. I'm going to prioritize this next chapter just to answer any questions people might have.\*\*

End  
file.